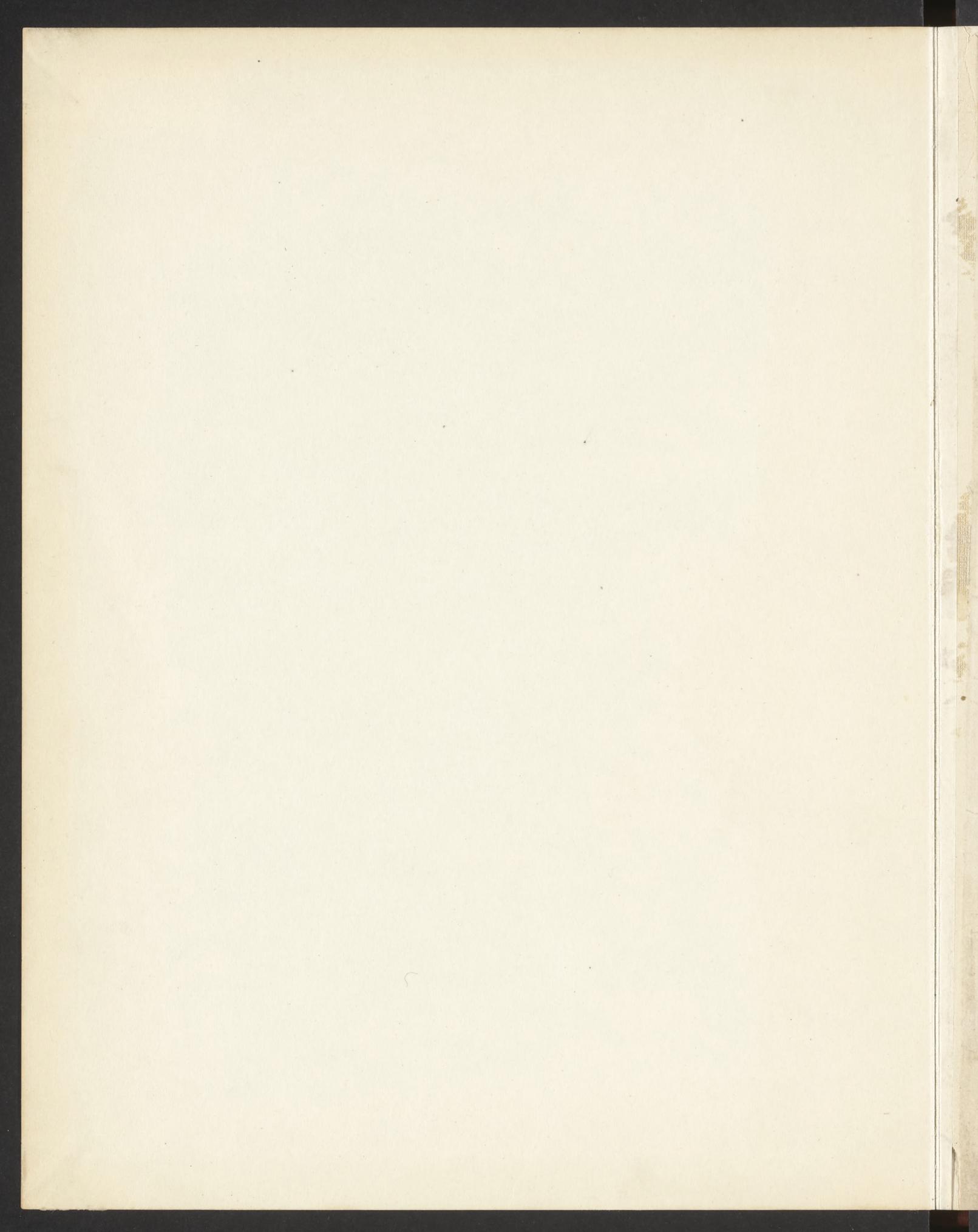


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MADERA, CAL.



VOL. I.

JUNE 1, 1900.

NO. 3.

Outwitted.

AT the beginning of that terrible war between the North and the South, there lived in Louisville, a family by the name of Stephens—a father and two children—for their mother was dead. Ten years later when the story opens, Edythe was eighteen years of age, full of life, spirits and daring. The warm-hearted, impulsive nature, so typical of the southern girl was found in the luster of her beautiful dark eyes and in every graceful movement. She was a bright girl and her father, very proud of the quickness of her intellect, liked to see her show it, and often put her to the test. He had made the proposition to her that if she could outwit him in any way, he would give her anything she asked. Every one loved her even the darkies on their extensive plantation. Her favorite, though, was Pete.

Three months prior to the war, Edythe had left her home to visit friends in New York. What wonder was it that she should be the envy of all her girl friends there, for her talents and beauty did not go unappreciated. They realized that it was useless for them to primp and arrange their hair for the benefit of Hartley Griffith, a former chum of Edythe's brother, who was delighted to do any favor for her, and soon a tender attach-

ment sprang up between them. In a short time he had eyes alone for the sweet Southern guest.

Shortly after her return, he found an opportunity to accept the invitation she had given him to visit them, where he enjoyed the hospitality of their elegant home, renewed the acquaintance of Philip Stephens, and was hopeful of soon plighting the troth, which would make him so happy.

Dram.

How often the direct trouble follows the greatest happiness of poor mortals. The murmurings of war were now heard, and the call came for volunteers. Philip Stephens enlisted on the southern side but Edythe's lover on the northern and he immediately left for Washington. In the crisis of affairs and in the heat of party spirit, the lovers separated without gaining the father's approval of their engagement. Soon Colonel Stephens became rabid in his feelings toward all northerners, and decided to forever separate his daughter and her Union soldier.

She thought of this standing agreement and was perplexed for a while to think how she might outwit her father and thus win her point. She had actually given up in despair. One day while wandering toward her favorite nook, she was very much surprised to come face to face with the very one of whom she was thinking. He could hardly restrain his joy long enough to explain to her that the regiment to which he

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Nicep.

belonged was stationed just beyond the plantation, and she was too happy to look for details in his appearance. But soon her womanly unselfishness asserts itself and with a cry of sympathy she noticed that his foot was wounded, she must do something for him, she was sure that she could make it feel better and ease the pain. Her father had left a few hours before and would probably not return until late at night. He must come in and let her bandage it.

It did not take much persuasion to induce him to follow her into the house, where the servants so anxious to help their mistress hovered round. Pete gladly washed and shaved Edythe's friend while she was getting the bandages.

Only a few moments of happiness were allowed these two, for Pete came running in crying, "O missus, dis heah nigga's scairt, for he see sojers a comin' down de road. Dis coon kno' dey ridin' fo' to catch dis heah lubber of Missus Edythe. O Lor', I know deys rebels fo' I see de kurnel's white hoss shu'. O missus, run to de cella' and hide."

Edythe runs to the window and can not doubt the truth as she sees the soldiers not so very far away. She runs up stairs to an old chest and draws out a black silk dress which had belonged to her aunt Samantha, long since dead. Love works miracles and in a short time Hartley Griffith was arrayed in Miss Samantha Stephens' black dress—that dress which had once been hoarded so carefully and only been worn once in about ten years, nor were they desecrating her memory when they adjusted to his head her wig and lace cap.

Her father dashes in with the soldiers and asks her if one of those scoundrel blue coat runaways has been seen about the place, then seeing the old lady sitting there he excuses himself, rushes out to the soldiers telling them to ransack the premises, but their search is fruitless. Edythe and Hartley, breathless, hear their departing footsteps.

Then the old Colonel returns and begins his apology to Edythe and her venerable guest, but is interrupted by Edythe, who throws her arms about his neck and cries, "Oh father, I have outwitted you! You know not how much I suffered in that one moment of suspense when you were

deceived by the appearance of my friend. That old lady sitting there is Hartley. Grant us, father, thy blessing now.

Mr. Stephens, finding that he has been cleverly outwitted, kissed his daughter and gave Hartley his hand.

High School.

HEAT a High School is essential to the prosperity of a community, both for educational and financial improvement, is shown by the good results it brings to a community, where its citizens support and interest themselves in the promulgation of higher learning.

We should have a High School to receive and prepare others that they may enter into a higher plane; that it may improve the town where it is established, and also because of the benefit derived by possessing a knowledge of High School studies.

A High School serves as a medium between the high and low education. When the trials and labors of a grammar school are finished, at first it seems to the successful ones as if they were launched far out into the sea of knowledge, but in reality they have merely pushed out into the shallows and shoals, to be anchored for another period in the swifter currents of deeper learning, where they will be taught the higher classics and mathematics.

When we enter the High School, we begin to contend with studies that are new and strange to us. We must build our knowledge on that foundation erected by the grammar school course. On this ground-work we can safely build, and when our High School education is finished, we have then studied some of the essential truths given to the world by the greatest thinkers. When we have finished this we can reasonably hope for a brighter future, and with more confidence and assurance we can mingle with others in life.

The studies of the High School must be mastered by one before he can lay claim to a fair education. Furthermore, they are studies that must be understood in order that we may have smooth sailing when we enter a still higher school.

The question is often asked, "What good will the High School studies bring to us if we are not to seek for more training?" By searching deeper and wider for the cause of things, and by studying that which require deeper thought, our mind is continually being broadened. Our mental powers are developed, and the knowledge which is imparted to us, enables us to distinguish from the good and the bad, and guide ourselves by the experience and philosophy of others.

The two branches of study, Science and Literature, have each different results in making our education. In the study of mathematics our mind is trained to form principles and facts. In the study of Literature thought is widened and the mind greatly cultivated and enlarged. Not only do we derive these advantages from having a High School, but mental happiness and moral good is imparted to us. Knowledge increases our sense of moral obligations.

A prosperous town must have a High School that it may further its own interests. Outsiders judge a town by its educational advantages. A community having good schools induces others to settle, thus increasing its population and at the same time doing a vast amount of good financially as well as educationally. A town like Madera should be able to support a first-class High School, and there is no reason why it can not, while smaller districts can and do.

To have a good High School, furthermore requires the support of the district's citizens and also a sufficient number of pupils. To have a good attendance a High School must be properly provided with necessary equipments to make it effective. That the citizens of Madera do not take enough interest in High School matters is evident to all. This for instance is verified by the election of school trustees. The number of votes cast in the election of these important officials have been so few in number in comparison with previous years, that it would leave one to believe that the citizens do not care whether a school is improved or not.

There is no hope that a Union High School will ever be established. The citizens of the outside districts would likely vote down this proposition because of the unusual taxation that would fall upon remote districts. Since this is not

probable, the people of Madera, who care for the advancement of education, and believe in having a High School, should arise from a neglectful state and with united efforts establish a creditable High School.

Those that do not believe in having a good High School may have their own opinions, but others shall stop before they take a step to help to extinguish that growing power for intellectual improvement which has brought us to our present standing, and which is doubtless working great good to Madera and to the community at large.

Madera County.

[A general description of some of the most important resources of our county.]

MADERA COUNTY is situated in about the center of the San Joaquin Valley. It is bounded on the north by Merced and Mariposa counties and separated from Fresno on the south and east by the San Joaquin river.

The county has an area of 2250 square miles, with an assessed valuation of \$5,841,785 and has 1864 registered voters. The principal industries

are agriculture, stock-raising, lumbering, mining and fruit-growing. The soil is very fertile, being mostly sediment

from the



MADERA COUNTY JAIL.

past overflows of the San Joaquin, Chowchilla and Fresno rivers. The western half of the county is devoted mostly to cattle raising as there is a rank growth of wild grass, and water is made abundant by the numerous artesian wells.

From the west branch of the S. P. R. R. to the Nevada Mountains the land is mostly farmed and

very large crops of wheat and barley are raised. The orchards and vineyards are mostly in the vicinity of Madera. This branch of industry is not very extensive but is steadily growing. The new system of irrigation, it is thought, will greatly improve it.

The Swiss-Italian winery, which has been built about five miles from Madera, makes the finest wine in the valley. The S. P. has recently built a branch line to this institution and business is flourishing.

The new system of irrigation, when completed by the construction of a dam across the San Joaquin river which will divide the stream, will be one of the best in the state. This proposition can easily be carried through at a small expense to the county.

Mining is also very extensive, as the mountains in the eastern part of the county are rich in gold, silver and copper mines. The majority of the gold mines are quartz, but there are numerous placer mines as well. Copper mining has recently been made more profitable by the erection of the largest copper smelter in the state by the California Copper Company. Besides all these mineral resources there is an inexhaustible granite quarry near the town of Raymond, and twenty-three miles from Madera. This is one of the most stable enterprises in the valley. Two hundred and fifty men are constantly employed and the best building granite and monument marble in California is quarried here.

No less important is the lumbering industry. The California Sugar Pine Company has recently erected the largest mill in the mountains, which is surrounded by vast stretches of the finest kind of timber. The district will afford enough lumber to supply this mill with 200,000 feet of solid timber per day. In a very few months they will

have their planing mill and sash and door factory completed here in town. It will be connected with the saw mill by a flume 65 miles in length. Statistics show this to be the longest lumber flume in the world.

All these growing enterprises have brought numbers of new settlers to Madera, and inspired our citizens with confidence. The contract has been made for the erection of a granite courthouse in Madera at the cost of \$60,000. This magnificent building together w^t our new jail, and new grammar school, will render this an attractive and beautiful little city. The prospects of Madera are of the brightest and she is now entering upon an era of improvement and prosperity that can be excelled by no city in the San Joaquin Valley.



MADERA GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

We note that the servant girl problem has wrought great reforms in the hire education of women.

"Why can't Mary catch her breath,"

The querulous Junior cried,

"Because she loves.....the lamb, you know,"

The Senior lad replied."

Freshman (Just elected president of the debating society, with Ida Bailey as vice president): "Well, say,—er—er, do we both take the chair?"

Mac (in Latin): "They were going to burn Orgetorix to death with fire."

High School Annual

Published Annually by the Students

—OR—

The Madera High School.

—STAFF—

Editor in Chief	- - -	DOW H. RANSOM
Associate Editor	- -	LORENA M. KENDALL
Assistant Editor	-	MARY EIDA TRINCANO

Business Manager	- -	ARTHUR F. BELCHER
Assistant Manager	- - -	WILLIAM R. CURTIN

All communications, inquiries for advertising rates, exchanges, etc., should be directed to Arthur F. Belcher, Business Manager, Madera High School Annual.

This paper is kept for sale at all news stands in Madera.

PRICE PER COPY - - - - - 10 CENTS

 the third time in the annals of our High School the ANNUAL begs recognition of our citizens and a place among the other High Schools of the State.

Although the editing and compiling of a High School paper has long ceased to be an experiment, yet it must be remembered that each set of editors serve their initiation with their exit. Thus we hope our readers, considering our resolute efforts to emulate our former editors, will overlook any failure on our part if we should not make up in quantity what we lack in quality.

Secondary school journalism has become an acknowledged factor in the educational literature of this State. Every High School of any importance publishes a paper of some description. And we believe many more could, and would never have reason to regret having tried.

There has been in the last few years a marked advancement in High School papers throughout the State. We are glad to see such an interest taken in the papers. In many of our exchanges we find true literary genius displayed which if developed will form a distinct feature in the literature of the near future. *Vires acquirit eundo*, and thus we hope to see their power increased with exercise.

The editors unanimously desire to sincerely thank our contributors for their diligence and faithfulness in exerting their very best efforts in the publication of this paper.

We believe that the students can not consider too well the importance of issuing a creditable ANNUAL. It is the mirror in which the people see the efforts of the students. It is our only agent abroad—our only recommendation. And it is by this alone that our fellow schools of the State are at all enabled to determine the educational standing of our county.

In order to make our paper more spirited and attractive we have procured cuts of several of the public buildings of our county and printed them in this issue. If the editors of each issue would endeavor to add one or more cuts at each publication, we believe it would contribute much to the success and existence of the paper. Of course it reduces the profit on the publication of the paper—but so does any expense, even that of mailing the exchanges. However, we do not believe in usurping the power given us by the school for self-aggrandizement. All our accounts are open for inspection to any who are connected with this school.

To AVOID any inharmonious unpleasantness we wish to make this generous offer: Anyone who is dissatisfied or displeased with any comment or article in this paper will do us a favor to bring his copy to the editor's desk and we will take our pen-knife and cut out the offending word or line.

THE editors of this paper wish to express their sincere gratitude to Alexander Preciado, Madera's artist, as well as to all who have in any way contributed their aid in the publication of this paper. Mr. Preciado's work speaks for itself.

The most delicate precision balance ever constructed has recently been patented by an inventor of Denver, Colo. Unequalled in its delicacy, it is sensible to the infinitesimally small mass of one-thousandth part of a milligram.

Smelter.

THE vast copper belt and the recent activity in copper mining in this county has led capital to invest in this locality. The California Copper Company has recently erected the largest smelter in the State within half a mile of Madera. The plant consists of several buildings of masonry. The furnace house consists of a slag dump built of brick 40x60 feet, and 8 feet above the general elevation of the smelter site. The furnace is a 100-ton, steel water jacket, and stands in the center of this elevation. The fire is supplied with ore and coke from above and is blown with a blast.

The fumes and the smoke are carried through a brick dust chamber 100 feet long to an iron stack

100 feet in height. Thus the noxious gases are prevented from jeopardizing the public health. Just beyond this is the blacksmith shop, electric plant, blower, engine, all under one roof, and next beyond this is the boiler room. Still further is the office and assaying rooms of the company. The elevated railroad can be seen at the right of the illustration.

Reduction of oxides by means of carbon is the principle involved in copper smelting.

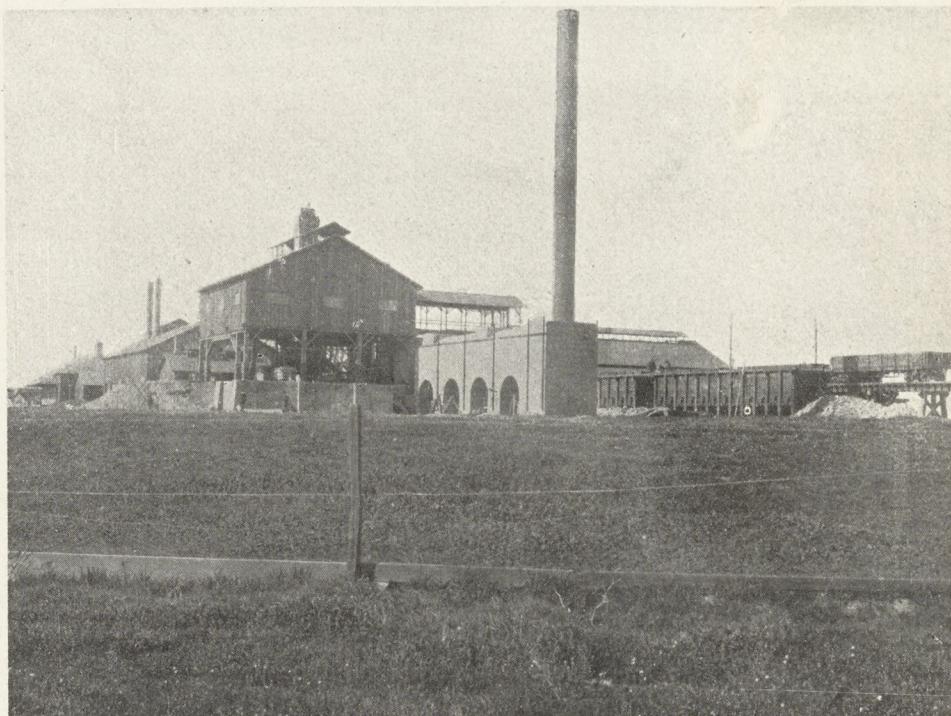
The matte, or final product, consisting of

about 60 per cent copper, is shipped East where it is refined and gold, silver and iron are abstracted, leaving the pure copper. The ore used is brought from the Ne Plus Ultra Copper Mine by railway, a distance of thirteen miles.

The new principle of Bessemerization of copper matte is the main feature of this plant. It depends upon the production of its own heat by the combustion of those ingredients of the matte which it is intended to eliminate, principally sulphur and iron. The oxide of iron formed must be provided with silica to form a fusible slag while the oxidized sulphur escapes through the

flue as sulphur dioxide.

The converter in which the operation is conducted is lined with a siliceous substance which is rapidly corroded by the fluxing action of the oxide of iron.



THE SMELTER.

The capacity is 125 tons in 24 hours. It is at present under the efficient management of Superintendent Nichols and Foreman Leland. About 100 men are constantly employed and it is a great boon to Madera.

Taber (in chemistry): "Now, if I treat this substance with alcohol, what will be the result?"

Class (in chorus): "Intoxication."

Many men are willing to serve their country—in an official capacity.

Oh, Those Seniors!

THE Middlers of last year were always sighing and saying how they wished they were Seniors. We little Juniors really thought there must be something wonderful about being a Senior. But how those merry Middlers of last year have changed. You would not recognize this trio as the same people, they are so very sedate and clannish, going off by themselves in pairs. Oh! my, how big they do feel, especially in the region of the cranium! If one of the Seniors ever smiles it shocks the Juniors and Middlers, for instead of their last year's grin, they wear a solemn-cholly expression on their sober brows.

During the term when the Debating Society held its weekly meetings the jolly Juniors and merry Middlers were seeing fun in everything, while the solemn Seniors were sitting up as if at a prayer meeting.

One of the Middlers was amused, when, by chance, he overheard a Senior say, "Oh, I do wish we didn't have to take chemistry with those Middlers. I am afraid they will make higher marks than we do, for they are not as green as they look." He told the rest of the class about it and we all laughed heartily, thinking it a good joke. Then and there they determined to surpass these learned people at all hazards. How diligently they all have worked and it has not been in vain either, for nearly every month the highest marks may be seen in the chemistry record of the Middlers as well as of the haughty pupils.

We are only middlers now, but soon, cruel fate will make us one of those horrid Seniors. We will then look back upon the time when we were thinking these mean things about our fellow schoolmates. And perhaps as the recollection of the kind deeds they did for us rises up before our eyes like a panorama, we will think that after all perhaps they were not so bad and did not hold themselves aloof from us, intentionally; but that we ourselves were a little distant because we felt that they were our superiors in knowledge.

Judging from the general impression, our salutatory was a howling success.

Automobile.

THE automobile is one of the principal developments of the late mechanical progress.

For over a century men have been endeavoring to contrive a self-moving conveyance of greater speed, less cost per mile of travel and greater value both for business and pleasure than any that can be drawn by horse. Some of these conditions have for many years been met; but it is only recently that all these objects have been realized.

Power has been the problem. The late developments in gas and steam engines and in electric motors have been so great and yet so equal as to leave a question as to their comparative merits in the minds of automobile builders. It is a generally accepted fact that the electric motor is the lightest, most noiseless and the most convenient power. But it has its faults. It is propelled by a storage battery, the best of which will run but about twenty-five miles at one charge. It is necessary then to recharge at some dynamo, which process generally takes about two hours. For over sixty years steam has been used with great success as a power. Considering the state of mechanical arts half a century ago the steam-auto was a complete success in every respect. But adverse legislation and sharp rivalry of the stage-coach, railway and other similar enterprises, discouraged the pioneers, and the steam-carriages until recently have been prohibited on the common road, thus entirely stopping their manufacture for over forty years. But at present steam-carriages, or, in the vernacular of the "mobile man," locomobiles have many supporters. The heavy boilers, intricate engine and the indispensable water tank make a locomobile very heavy, and, hence, of great cost and low speed. For heavy work, such as traction, trains, dray-wagons, fire-engines and trucks, there is no doubt but that steam will hold the pre-eminence which it has gained.

Compressed air autos bid fair to compete for superiority soon. It is necessary to have sufficient air stored in accessible places and ample volume. Thus until convenient re-loading places are established, the air-auto like the motor-auto cannot be run outside of large cities.

At the present petroleum gas is used with most satisfactory results. The mechanism employed is nearly the same as that used in the gasoline engine, and the two are used in connection with great success. Simplicity and power of machinery are combined in this case with great safety and economy in operation, making the most practical power known. One difficulty, however, is that of noise. This is obviated to a great extent by the use of a "muffler" into which the exhaust is directed and most of the danger of frightening horses on the highway is overcome. This defect will be of no consequence whatsoever in the near future when no horses will be met on the common road and autos can vie with each other *ad libitum*, both in respect to speed and noise. Every manufacturer profits by the experience of others and at present the construction of these machines has become an art. Automobiles are made at a cost of from \$800 to as high as \$4,500. Some very expensive racers are built in France. One owned by M. Jenatzy holds the automobile kilometer record of sixty-five miles per hour. These machines are mere playthings to amuse "Sports" and fulfill no useful purpose.

Many mobiles are running in California and numerous others are being made.

Madera is not behind the times in this respect. The Hely Bros. have recently made a successful automobile. It is propelled by a gasoline and petroleum engine of 490 revolutions per minute. A sprocket chain connects the main shaft to the rear axle on which is a "compensating gear." This device enables the driver, paradoxical as it seems, when going forward to stop, reverse and run backwards, or in turning around, by merely pressing a lever, run but one of the rear wheels, while the other remains standing. This wonderful little gear has solved the greatest problem in the construction of horseless carriages. It has been for several years in almost universal use.

The wheels are of wooden hub, spokes and felloes, on which a steel rim is shrunk. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch pneumatic tires are cemented on these rims, and then inflated. Although seemingly as hard as iron the resiliency of the tires is a highly important consideration. The air and gas mixture

is regulated at will by simply turning a supply lever. Thus the speed is at the driver's command—there is practically no limit to the speed except that which roughness of the roads offers. The average road rate is about fifteen miles per hour.

When I am a Middler.

HE I were a Middler, life would seem worth living. But of all things despisable, the worst is to be a Junior.

"Tis these poor children who get the most scoldings, and at times it seems as if the harsh words of the teacher would rend asunder the very tissues of their hearts. . . . they don't. Juniors are tough (at least that is what the Middlers say).

Yes, you talk about the Seniors having trouble. Their trials are nothing compared to those of a Junior. Why, some times we stay at school till 5 P. M., while the three happy Seniors go skipping down the stairs, hand in hand, t. 3:30 o'clock.

Teachers look very cross at us when we have fun in school. When we are Middlers, things will be different. We can study where we want to. We shall get out early and have our teacher smiling at us all day long.

We will come to school each morning with our faces washed and our hair combed so smooth that the teacher won't dare to send us out in the hall to have some one comb it for us.

We will be respected by the coming Juniors. We can snub them as the last class of Middlers snubbed us.

Mr. T. will not reprimand us when we spill ink or make a racket. He will never cross us in any way and we shall all be as happy as the little birds that sing in the springtime. As it is now, some of us feel like attempting suicide. O, how nice it will be when I am a Middler!

One thing only makes us sad. The only living boy Senior of the class of 1900 will not be with us. Alas! how we shall miss his kind advice and fatherly counsel. However, we are very grateful for his kindness during the past year.

The Chateau on Quartz Mountain.

ROBABLY most people who live in the vicinity of Madera, have noticed in the evening a sudden gleam of light, high up in the mountains of this county, and have exclaimed, "A fire in the mountains!" They see the sunset rays reflected down to them from the windows of the Quartz Mountain chateau. This building is located on the highest point of land within a radius of forty miles from Madera, and commands a view of all the surrounding hills, and even the plains below.

It was built about fifteen years ago by a French company, who were persuaded that an immense fortune lay buried on the summit, and was intended to be the home of the superintendent.

At a great expense a hotel, several boarding houses and stores, and a sixty stamp mill were erected by the company. Alas, for the futility of human hopes! No gold-laden ore from Quartz Mountain was crushed in the giant arms of the mill, and it stands deserted upon the mountain side. After all was in readiness to begin, it was found that water power could only be procured by the greatest labor, and a vast outlay of money, and so Quartz Mountain was abandoned.

The superintendent lived in the chateau but eight days. A faithful servant was smothered to death in a close room, and the superintendent immediate left the house and never returned.

The building is deserted now, save by the occasional visitor and the guardians. It is a two-story building, with about a dozen rooms, all hard finished and is well preserved to this day.

There is also an observatory which was not finished like the window in Aladdin's palace.

From the upper windows the plains are visible on a clear day. Often a pigmy train can be seen crawling slowly on, and the San Joaquin river lies like a silver thread across the level valley.

It is said that electricity some day will be the power that will start the sixty stamps to moving and that the doors of the chateau will again be thrown open. Then with sounds of life around it and the hills resounding with the noise of labor, the Quartz Mountain chateau will forget the peace it now has, "standing there with face toward the sun" and reflecting the sunset glow.

Critical Comments on Our Contemporaries.

ECAUSE of the failure of our last business manager to perform his official duty, very few copies of our ANNUAL were sent out and in consequence we have but a short list of exchanges.

To those editors who, notwithstanding this, sent us their papers, we are sincerely grateful, and extend to them our best wishes for their future success.

We are yet in our infancy as a paper, and therefore do not consider ourselves competent to judge of the merits or demerits of our exchanges; but we feel that a few friendly criticisms are not amiss, especially when we are all subject to the same attacks.

In many of our papers we find a great number of jokes and short articles, taken from other exchanges. When one has read the same thing in at least a half dozen papers, it becomes rather stale, and we would recommend less copied and more original jokes.

We would suggest that advertisements be kept separate from the reading matter, unless our exchanges intend to intersperse advertisements with reading matter.

It would be a great improvement if some of our papers would publish a table of contents.

"The Skirmisher," a lively and progressive paper from San Mateo, has regularly appeared on the editor's desk. Notwithstanding its great number of articles on athletics we credit it as being one of the most original papers which have come under our notice. We especially commend its absence of articles with an Ex. suffixed.

"The Tyro," of San Bernardino, one of our oldest exchanges, is a vigorous paper; its cover, as well as what is between it, being very attractive and well prepared. It always contains a good story.

The Fresno "Owl," our nearest neighbor, is replete with wit and humor, but by no means lacking in the more substantial qualities necessary to success.

Irving "Echoes" has a very artistic cover. The whole piece shows good taste and much preparation.

We wonder if the Benicia "Reporter" has no exchanges, as we are unable to find any exchange column.

The San Diego "Russ" is a thriving paper. Its contents show the hand of an energetic editor.

"The Lowell" of San Francisco might advantageously substitute a short story for each number of its continued stories.

Other exchanges which we have received, but which neither space nor time permit us to mention, are :

"Adjutant," Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.

"Argus," Tulare.

"Aspirant," Mission High, San Francisco.

"Aurora," Occidental College, Los Angeles.

"Cogswell Petit Courrier," San Francisco.

"Dictum Est," Red Bluffs.

"Girls High School," San Francisco.

"Janus," Hanford.

"Lompoc Journal," Lompoc.

"Naughty Two," Citrus Union High School.

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley.

"Oracle," Oakdale.

"Sea Urchin," Pacific Grove.

"Toescin," Santa Clara.

"Workaday World," University of Pacific, College Park.

Meditations.

HSUPPOSE all Alumni are expected to give their last chirp in the ANNUAL. Just a word or two as a clue to their wanderings, and a reminder that they have not entirely forgotten their last year's nest. It may be they would impart some sage advice to the new "fledglings" about to stretch their wings and fly over that well worn "sea of life," so solemn and awful; or, perhaps, they could lure them on through the trials of commencement by relating the joys that will follow that dread night.

"Morn on the mountain,

Like a summer bird,

Lifts up her purple wing,"

and we are free. We feel all the delights of interminable vacation; those days of dreamy idleness when the birds sing and the flowers bloom;

evenings of quiet repose and pleasant reading, but "O, it is not always May!" and vacation time is sure to end, even if there are "no lessons to get."

Each must have some aim in life, some duties to perform, and pleasure also has its place. "Life is a stage whereon each man must play a part," and it depends upon our own efforts how far we succeed. Our paths are given to us and our lives are what we make them.

Perhaps we did not fully realize the importance of our school work and the lasting influence it will have upon our future career, or fitly reverence those tedious books which we wished to thump sometimes. Yet there can hardly be one who does not leave with some regrets.

What a curious feeling it is to come across a pile of dusty school books lying away neglected and forlorn. Is there triumph or pity in the sight? "Mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low?" You turn the familiar leaves and perhaps find some tell-tale scrawl. Here lies a battered Virgil. "*Arma virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris.*" There is some pleasure in the sound, and a sadness, too. Would we go back again? No. That time has passed and something else must take its place. We have entered a scene of changing tides and shifting winds. Each year bears us into new depths and foreign lands. Let us steer clear of dangerous rocks, and whether our lot be stormy or calm, let us say with confidence, as on our graduation day, "We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust."

How Two Middler Girls Entertained a Berkeley Professor.

A N a nice sunny afternoon in March, two Middler girls were seated in the library studying unusually hard, for awaiting in the next room was one of those dreaded English professors.

Rap-a-tap-tap, came a knock at the door. Rousing themselves from their thoughtful study, banishing the frowns from their clouded brows, they cheerily called, "Come in." To their great surprise upon looking up, they discovered a

short, stout gentleman, who might have been a book agent for aught they knew.

"May I come in?"

"O, certainly," said both girls at the same instant.

The stranger walked in and seeing a chair in the corner, made his way thither and seated himself. Now there was something very deceiving about this chair—though apparently safe and strong, certain pupils were aware of its weakness. The girls expected to see him fall to the floor every moment but were laughing too hard to tell him of his probable disaster.

Crash it came and the man went to the floor. I wonder whether it was to atone for their carelessness or to have a better laugh, that one of the girls so quickly sped to the next room and brought him a trustworthy chair. After a few moments of hearty laughter in which the guest participated, the gentleman observed, "Is it not unusual for two girls when they are together to study so diligently as you seemed to be when I came into the room?"

"Oh"—her eyes twinkling—"you know that there is one of those dreadful English professors in the next room and we're studying up so as to electrify him."

"Oh, is that the case, and how do you like professors?"

"I think they are just horrid. I don't like them at all. They come up here when they are not wanted and when they are not expected. They think that the pupils of the school ought to know as much as they themselves do. Most of them wear glasses and they peer over these at you as though they would see whether you could possibly be a human being and not know how to answer their terrible questions."

A new light now seemed to dawn upon one of the girls and she turned to this very inquisitive gentleman and said, "You are a professor, yourself, aren't you?"

"What makes you think that? Do I look like one of those dreadful beings that you have just described?"

"You do not look exactly like one but you know the old saying is, 'It never rains but it pours.' We had a professor yesterday, one today and I'll bet that you're another one."

Just then Mr. Taber came into the room and said: "I presume this is Mr. Page. Welcome to our school room."

"Now," said one, "I know you are a professor."

"And how do you know it?"

"Well," said the same girl, "we were walking to school with the teachers at noon and the conversation turned upon professors. We naturally asked how many more were going to visit our school. They told us that there was one more. This was the history professor, and his name was Mr. Page. Now Mr. Taber just called you Mr. Page, and I know for certain that you are one."

"That does not signify at all. There are a great many more Pages in the world beside myself. Why, it is a very common name."

"Yes, and I think that there are too many pages in the history."

"Well, as you have brought up the subject of history, how do you like it?"

"Oh, I just hate that study."

The professor was resolved to find some subject on which he and the girls could find pleasant conversation, and asked: "What is the name of those flowers you are wearing?"

"They are orange blossoms."

"And what is that you are wearing on your third finger?"

"A ring" (questioningly)?

"You're a Middler girl aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it customary for a Middler girl to wear a ring on her third finger and orange blossoms in her hair? Ahem! That looks quite significant, doesn't it?"

"Well, this Middler girl is not wearing it in the sense you are thinking of. Her thoughts are far from such."

At this moment the bell rang and the girls had to go in and have their brains inspected by the English professor. Next came history and if the professor showed any mercy to these two Middler girls, it is for them to find out in the future.

Tennis.

THE tennis spirit of the M. H. S. revived with the beginning of the new term of 1900. We fixed our courts up and engaged in the sport for the year. About the middle of the term the spirit relaxed although we had new nets and rackets. During the latter part of the term, the idea entered the heads of several of our tennis players to challenge the Euphoria Tennis Club. This was talked about for some time and finally one of our worthy members drew up a challenge and sent it to the club. This was accepted and the date of the contest fixed for Saturday, May 12th.

The longed for day came at last and the usual number of spectators gathered around, some reclining on benches and some perched on the numerous buildings which surrounded the court, armed with horns, tin cans and all sorts of musical instruments. We also noticed that one of our worthy teachers had his little horn with him.

At last the game was called by the umpire. The first contest was between Borden of the Euphoria Club and Whitehead of the High School. This contest was won, amidst enthusiastic applause, by the High School.

The next contest was a double game between Hughes and Miss Edwards, representing the High School, and Taber and Mrs. Sharpless, representing the Euphoria Club. This game was well played on both sides, but the representatives of the Euphoria Club had to succumb to the superior skill and dexterity of our members.

But alas, our hopes were blighted in the last contest of the day—a double game played by Hughes and Preciado of the High School and Sweeney and Sharpless of the Euphoria Club. Although the playing of our members was fine, still they were outclassed by the superiority of their opponents.

The most prominent feature of the games was the rooting. There were rooters of all sizes and descriptions. Half of them, while making noise equal to a band of Comanche Indians, did not know why or for whom they were rooting. One of our worthy teachers went so far as to

desert his colors and root for the opposite side. No wonder we lost the last game. Of him one of our High School poets has written the following fitting lines:

And Taber, the tutor, he tooted his tabor
And tried to teach others to toot;
But it didn't do any good
If he did toot for the opposite side,
For they lost the game to boot.

Teachers' Club and Lecture Course.

THE teachers of Madera County have formed a club for the purpose of the education of the county.

They adopted a plan for engaging lecturers that would interest and instruct the people of the county. When the start course of lectures was presented them they quickly accepted.

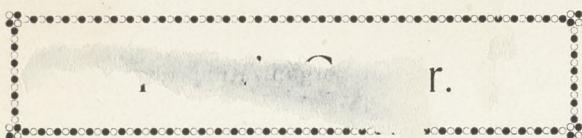
In November the Knickerbocker Club, consisting of four male singers, a pianist and an impersonator, gave an entertainment in the Methodist church. This entertainment was superior to the majority of classes that are usually shown here.

Hon. Schoonmaker was the second lecturer of the course, and his lecture upon "China" was well accepted by the audience as he showed an impartial view of a hitherto comparatively dark subject.

Prof. Jordan of Stanford University lectured on "Climbing the Matterhorn" and his audience was well pleased. This speech was delivered in February and later in the month Mr. Taylor lectured on "The Uncrowned King." He endeavored to show that man as "the uncrowned king," has not descended from the lower species. J. W. Hudson lectured in March on the "Boer War". He presented both sides of this interesting question and told of the political and social conditions of the Vaal.

In the discussion of the feasibility of a picnic, one of the Middler girls insisted that, "Where there is a Will there is a way."

One of Mr. Taber's famous weapons for the enforcement of his imperial edicts: "I'll tell Miss Bovard on you."

*Transitional.*

O, the Seniors, noble &
How they thrill our hearts with joy,
By narrating 'mongst their troubles,
How their time they do employ.

O, the Middlers, merry Middlers,
How they fill our hearts with fear,
By repeating all the questions
The in Berkeley tutors hear.

Juniors, list not to them
As our progress they decry—
We'll be Mid'lers, even Seniors,
In the fut... bye-and-bye.

Lives There a Graduate--

Who ne'er unto himself has said,
When school is over and playtime fled,
While passing from these scenes so dear,
"Farewell, thou happy hours spent here?"

Who ne'er breathed out a long-drawn sigh,
As the parting of the ways drew nigh,
Sighed for the pleasures, hopes and fears,
Which are only found in dear school years?

Who ne'er in sadness of farewell,
Truly wishing all his comrades well,
Grasped long and fondly their hands,
And softly spoke of the severing bands?

Who ne'er joyfully pondered o'er
Jolly pranks and legends of school lore,
That in youth occupied his time,
And of pleasure made each hour a mine?

Who ne'er when commencement is past,
Ready his life work to begin at last,
Has with great delight his life reviewed,
And gone forth with energy renewed?

Who ne'er when seeking better fields,
While full-clad in learning's arms and shields,
Has cast back his sad glance again
And said, "time ruthlessly runs its train?"

Shakespeare applied :

Ne'er durst poet touch his pen to write until
his ink were tempered with love's sighs.

It is firmness and fortitude that makes fortune
favor us.

Social Insurance Company.

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PPLICATIONS accepted:

Name—William R. Curtin.

Business—Riding in H. M. T. with a
small dog following.

Present Condition—Age 18; unmarried, but
engaged; passing fair; from Emerald Isle;
tanned and healthy; girls think "there's just one
boy."

Wishes to be Insured Against—Old maids.

Risk—Safe. So attractive.

Name—Kenneth L. Hughes.

Business—Dancing dude.

Present Condition—Age 27; quite wealthy;
a flirt; bank clerk; soft brown eyes; educated;
an N. S. G. W.

Wishes to be Insured Against—Girls.

Risk—Unsafe, as he is handsome.

Name—Walter Ezekial Pollard.

Business—A poet.

Present Condition—Nigh on 30; married;
wealthy; picturesque home; lover of sweet peas;
strong Populist; answers to name "Intellect."

Wishes to be Insured Against—Copyrights.

Risk—Safe.

Name—Francis Algenbroad Whitehead.

Business—Tennis champion.

Present condition—In loye; noted athlete;
red neckties a specialty; greatly admired.

Wishes to be Insured Against—Millers.

Risk—Unsafe. Huffy's gone.

Name—Dow H. St. John Ransom.

Business—Joshing.

Present Condition—Used to have severe case
of "can't get his breath"; heavy-eyed; acts as
editor on the High School paper; likes to play
the butler; down-hearted at times.

Wishes to be Insured Against—"Those Senior
Girls."

Risk—Unsafe—He is the only one.

Paradoxical.

If that tennis crank can't find his racket, it
won't do him any good to make one.

The Belgian Hare.

DURING the last three months the "Belgian Hare Craze" has swept over Madera as well as many other places of this State. Three rabbitrys have already been started in the new enterprise and many others have been projected.

The Belgian Hare or, properly speaking, rabbit, is the result of many years of selection and careful breeding of the native rabbit of Belgium, with a view of producing a rabbit similar to the old English hare. In doing so there has been developed a certain code of rules by which hare men determine the genuineness of the stock and blood.

To get a clear and thorough idea of these qualities and scoring points of the Belgian one would need to resort to a table of rules. A few of the essential marks might be summed up thus: (1) The color must be "Rufus Red," which is a clear and bright reddish-tan. This should show clearest on the top of the neck and shoulders. (2) The ticking consists of a proper proportion of black-tipped hairs properly distributed over the body of the animal, thus making him of a mottled and wavy appearance. (3) The forefeet are small and delicate, being kept well under the body; whereas the hind legs are large and strong. (4) Any white hair on the face, body, or on any of the four feet is an absolute disqualification. (5) The thoroughbred Belgians always produce young of an uniform cast, size and general appearance. And if there are any in a litter differing among themselves in respect to color and the other qualifications above mentioned, it is a positive evidence of impurity of stock. Some of the higher bred animals, scoring from 95 to 96 and 97 per cent, are sold regularly in this State for from \$350 to \$700. The prime object in raising these animals is their market sale. They are said to excel any other meat in the world in respect to tenderness and delicacy.

Teacher: "Name a very elastic substance."

Poetic Pupil: "Hope, for it 'springs eternal in the human breast'."

Alumni Notes.

HE Alumni organization serves as a connecting link between the pupils of a school and the world in general. The Alumni have just entered life to take their places in the struggle for an existence and hold fond memories of their pleasant days at school.

George Mordecai, '97, is becoming a very excellent student at Stanford, where he is preparing himself for the legal profession.

James O'Meara, '97, is employed with his father in Madera.

Merle Rush, '97, has a position in Lincoln, Neb.

Miss Margaret O'Meara, and George Nicholson, '97, have both become jolly young pedagogues.

Twice have the wedding bells rung for this class. First, when Miss Irene Slaten became Mrs. Dayton Wilson, and second, when Miss Lois Wilson became Mrs. Dr. Reid.

Miss Cora Kessler, '98, is employed as stenographer at Salinas.

Miss Alice Stockton, '98, is the charming teacher at Waterloo, near Coarse Gold.

Leo Woodson, '98, is a clerk with Rosenthal & Kutner.

William Clark, '99, is attending the Baptist Theological Seminary at Oakland.

Craig Cunningham, '99, has recently been granted a Grammar Grade Certificate and intends to teach school next winter.

Miss Mayme Saunders, '99, is book-keeping in an insurance office in Madera.

Misses Louise Mordecai, Sophia Wolters and Nellie Dwyer, '99, have spent pleasant winters at the homes of their parents.

La Roy Kendall, '99, is clerking for Moore & Petty.

One of those sober Senior sages, looking down at the little girls, of the grammar grade, playing "tag" around the school building, and taking a retrospective view of her learned career, finally remarked:

"Alas, ye tiny tow-heads, how soon ye'll all be co-eds!"

How "Tyme Fleeth."

HOW necessary it is that we improve each moment as it is given, for as the old English poet says, "An fleeth the tyme, it will no man abide." In order that we accomplish this we are furnished with an appropriate course of study.

This year the Juniors have wandered with Irving through the marvelous halls of the "Alhambra" and listened, pleased, to the tale he relates. They have dwelt in fancy with the varied characters of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," while in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," they have been enraptured by the song of the harper. With gods, both great and small, they have roamed the ancient fields of mythological Greece and Rome.

History has carried them back to the days of the most ancient kings and has related to them all the causes and effects of man's mysterious dealings with man. It has showed them the weaknesses of the ancient nations and pointed a warning finger at them as being the cause of the decay of the nations.

In Latin they have laboriously learned all the perplexing details which must be mastered in the beginning and have waged war with Cæsar among the Gauls.

They have racked their brains in trying to solve examples, theorems, and a great many more tedious exercises in Algebra.

The merry Middlers have learned the classic lore of the days when Greece was the favorite garden of the Gods and Jove ruled supreme. They have followed Irving in his course through the "Alhambra." The "Merchant of Venice" has had its charms, while Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfal" has taught them that charity is Christlike.

In History they have wandered among the ancient halls of Syria, Egypt, Persia, Media, Babylonia, Greece and Rome, which still resound with the footsteps of great men, warriors and sages of old.

With Cæsar and Cicero they have participated in battles both on the field and in the Forum.

Geometry has had its labors for them and joyfully they announce to us that they can prove many perplexing problems.

They live a charmed life during Chemistry period and whether they substitute chlorates for chlorides or have explosions they always come off unharmed.

The Seniors, although much abused by the tongues of the rest of the school, have in a quiet and unobtrusive manner read with delight the poems written by all the greatest poets, from Milton to Tennyson, pondered over the truths of the "Vision of Sir Launfal," laughed at the folly of Belinda in the "Rape of the Lock," carefully followed the fortunes of the "Newcomes," discussed the speeches of Burke and Macaulay, and translated with ease the old English of the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales."

Civil Government has disclosed to them the fountains from which spring justice and liberty and they have quaffed so heartily that we trust they pass out wiser and better citizens than they were three short years ago.

In History they have learned of the terrible time of the Reformation, lived again in the days of the French Revolution and watched the rise of the modern nations. Again Cicero has spoken forth his great orations from the Forum and Virgil has sung of the deeds of ancient heroes.

Chemistry has revealed to them its profound secrets and they have justly appreciated them.

High School Party.

HRIDAY evening, March 23d, the High School was most charmingly entertained by Miss Bovard at the Yosemite Hotel.

Parlor games were played and the sound of mirth and laughter gave evidence that all were enjoying themselves.

Miss Gertrude Edwards received a handsome silver mounted ink stand, as first prize in a progressive game, and Miss Ida Bailey received a silver paper cutter as booby prize.

At a late hour refreshments were served, and we soon after departed for home, pronouncing the evening a most delightful one and Miss Bovard a charming hostess.

Of all the girls in the world none is more envied by others on account of her numberless rings than the phone girl.

Next. 1

Joke Column.

High School Hamlet.

How to peaceably get along with the girls at High School; that is the question: Whether 'twere nobler to precipitate mine mortal habitation from out of the topmost window of High School, forego the pleasures of school life, and absent me from its pain, and with cowardice reining in mine vaulting rage, spurred on by desperation—to fall—to drop and quarrel no more—to light—aye there's the rub—for in that jolt what bones might break—what hearts be broken—must give us pause and make us rather consider the distance before we jump. There's bones and hearts—all rent asunder, there's tears and sighs—all gone to thunder—these make us rather endure the fires of feminine splutter than fly to others that might be hotter.

A Sentence From a Junior's Essay.

"And that very dog that belonged to the judge that had been running loose and unmuzzled for two weeks and bit widow Wells on the neck was killed by the man with the hoe."

Teacher: "What is meant by a caravan train?"

Junior girl: "I—I—O, yes, it is where they ride horseback on camels."

Taber (in history): "What was William Wallace's title?"

Miss K.: "Sir."

Taber: "What was the title of William Wallace?"

Miss K.: Sir!! Yes—sir—I—say—sir—his—title—was—Sir, sir!!!!"

Sue had a suitor, a tailor by trade,
She thought he would certainly suit her;
But papa upset the plans of the maid—
Der schneider war ein ausgespielter.

Teacher: "Translate, Pugno, pugnas, pugnat."

Pupil: "He fights battles with his fists."

Where Aesop's famous fable fails: A tailor should try to suit everybody.

Program.

PART I.

Instrumental Duet.....Miss Helene Kelley and Mrs. W. B. Thurman
Salutatory.....	Lorena M. Kendall
Vocal Solo.....	Emma Y. Casey
Essay.....	Mary E. Trincano
Piano Solo.....	Lorena M. Kendall
Valedictory	Dow H. Ransom
Presentation of Diplomas.....Miss Estella Bagnelle, Co. Supt. Schools
Piano Solo.....Miss Helene Kelley
Hoop Drill.....Misses Lorena Kendall, Gertrude Edwards, Ila Woodson, Emma Casey, Ida Bailey, Ida Preciado, Molley Carey, Frances Kirkland, Anna Roeder

PART II.

PRESENTATION OF FARCE—"MY LORD IN LIVERY."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Thirlmere (H. M. S. Phlegethon).....Frank Whitehead
Spiggott (an old family butler).....	Dow H. Ransom
Hopkins (a footman).....	Kenneth Hughes
Robert (a page).....	Harry Shepherd
Sybil (daughter of Sir George Amberley).....	Mary Trincano
Laura } (her friends).....	{ Lorena Kendall
Rose }	{ Ila Woodson

Teacher, (after having blown his breath through a tube into a test-tube of lime-water): "Now, what gas does this experiment show to have been exhaled?"

Pupil: "Hydrogen bisulphide."

Teacher (to the class in physics who were studying adhesion and cohesion): "What makes the stamp stick to the envelope?"

Bright girl: "The mucilage, of course."

Why does Gertie prefer F. E. W. to many?

When will Ila become a regular member of the W. R. C.

Mary (answering phone): "This is the High School."

Miss ——: "Hello! who's this?"

Phone: "I proposed to your mother and she said alright."

Miss ——: "You dunce you, don't you know she's married? Good-bye."

Kenneth, does it pay to make a martyr of yourself fighting fire during school hours?

